



Careful



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Chapter 1 by Astrid

Talking to him was like walking on glass. You had to be careful, cautious, so you wouldn't make the cuts any deeper than you had to. "It's okay." I said, swinging my legs over the table. "Its just us."

He glared at me distrustfully. "I doubt it." His voice was husky, like it hadn't been used for a while. Which it probably hadn't. There wasn't much company in a jail cell.

Chapter 2 by Ashley Hagan



I never wanted to come to the prison to see him, the murderer of my parents, but I thought that it couldn't be him. He was my friend. "Look. I'm going to get you out of here, Nick."

"H-how? You're probably going to be working with the police!" Nick coughed, probably from using it more than he had the last few months.

"Nick. We're just two teens in the wrong place at the wrong time! You're not guilty!" I yelled.

"What if? What if I am guilty? It seemed that way in the eyes of everyone! I've given up all hope, and you should, too!" Nick asked, sounding hopeless.

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"Never"

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He tried to lunge at me, but the restraints held him back.

Prison did strange things to people. This wasn't my Nick. Careful. I've got to be careful, or I'll never have my Nick back. Ever.

Chapter 3 by Ashley Hagan



It had been the middle of the night. I'd been out late that night, or I would've been home. Nick had gone over to my house to visit; I'd forgotten about him that night. Then, my parents were murdered. Nick had been found unconscious and covered with my parents' blood and his own. Blunt trauma was the cause, and it was consistent on Nick, Mom, and Dad. The murderer had framed him.

"You're not a murderer!" I repeated more angrily after revisiting the memory.

"You're trying to get the truth out of me! Fine! If you want me to say I'm a murder..." Nick trailed off and tried to punch me, once again unsuccessfully.

"Nick. Remember the life we planned? One where we'd have no worries?" I whispered.

Nick shook his head. "That was a lie. All lies!"

I stepped right up to him and knelt in front of him. I seriously shouldn't have, but my only hope was to get him to understand and cooperate. "You have to listen to me. I'm working to get proof that you didn't do it!"

Nick looked at me like the Nick I used to know. "You really would? For me? I thought you'd hate me. I thought you'd given up on me. I thought you'd believe them, not me!"

"I'd love you, even if you were guilty!" I whispered back.

Just then, the door opened, and the guards came to take Nick back to his prison cell. Now, the hard part began. Where would I find evidence to drop the charges against my boyfriend?

If I'm not careful, they'd figure out what I'm doing. I knew the old lady next door, Mrs Crewe,

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As soon as I left, I called Mrs Kane, Nick's mother. "We need to talk."

Chapter 4 by Astrid



"I don't want to talk to you." was her immediate response. Not a hopeful start.

"But we have to. I have a plan, I have-"

"I don't care. This is your fault. All your fault. My son is in jail for a crime he had nothing to do with!"

I shrank back into myself. This is exactly what I was afraid of. Being accused. Because she was right. This was my fault. Completely and totally my fault. But didn't she know I was so, so-

"Sorry."

"What?"

"I'm...I'm sorry. So sorry." I said quietly.

"*Sorry* does nothing!" she yelled through the phone. "*Sorry* helps nothing."

"But I really am! And I want to help. But I need you for this. I can't pull it off on my own." I begged. There was silence on the other end. Then finally, "What's your plan?"

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